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THURSDAY, JAN. 12, 1899.

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Every department of the State government is now in full working order. Bring in your petitions.

Sec'y Dyer of the State Dairyman's Association kindly furnishes the Farmer the score of the butter at St. Johnsbury. The totals do not vary much from Maine. Our dairymen will enjoy making comparison with the totals at Portland.

A gentleman in high official circles remarks that he is greatly surprised that there are no Episcopalians in either branch of the legislature, and thinks that some missionary work ought to be done among the 44 members who profess no religious preferences.

One measure of legislation the present winter may be considered as practically settled—the passage of a resolution appropriating money to build the Eastern Maine Hospital at Bangor. The necessity for this action, so care for the unfortunate insane, seems to be generally conceded.

Dr. Twitcheil of the Farmer is spending ten days with the State Board of Agriculture of New Jersey. To-day he is to lecture before the State Board at the State House, Trenton, and the week at three leading centers of the State. The Farmer will have a full report of all matters of general interest.

After the usual vacation, regular work has been resumed at the "University of Maine." This college term will continue till about the 20th of this month, when the mid-year examinations will be held. The second term is scheduled to begin Jan. 30. In the winter course in dairying offered by the agricultural department there are six students registered.

Secretary McKee, of the Board of Agriculture, has been getting figures on the silos in Maine, and finds there are 1,000, 65 of which are not in use. The average cost of these silos is \$40.75, average cost per ton capacity, 77 cents, average cost, exclusive of labor, \$38.00. No. 9, of the Board bulletin, deals with this subject in a very full and interesting manner.

EVERY subscriber to the Maine Farmer has neighbors who do not know the character of the work it is seeking to do. A little effort on the part of each one would double the circulation of the farmers' organ of Maine. This would allow the publishers to largely increase the scope of the work they desire to do. Not an issue of the Maine Farmer but contains helpful hints to the dairyman, stock grower, poultry keeper, horseman, or lover of the home and young folks, of far greater value than the cost of the paper. Not an issue but deals with the live questions of the day from the standpoint of the farmer. Taxation, legislation, appropriations, and all public matters receive prompt attention, economy and a wise expenditure always being urged. Will you not loan your copy to some one not a subscriber, or send the name of such persons to this office, that during the year the Maine Farmer may be able to make weekly visits to twice as many families as on January 1, 1899? Read the grand list of premiums offered in another column.

On the first page, Mr. Gilbert treats at length one of the most important problems facing the agricultural worker of to-day. The rapid changes taking place and the extended work which the Board of Agriculture is called to perform at the present time, together with the fact that this is to be extended in the future, render the legislation so clearly set forth necessary for the life and usefulness of the Board.

With all the facilities for giving instruction in dairying and stock feeding and the ability of the instructors at the University of Maine, it is to be regretted that but seven have thus far availed themselves of the opportunity by taking the shorter course. Why should New Hampshire boys be more anxious for this instruction than Maine? The class this year at Orono should be composed of at least fifty.

The feed publications, which are voting a highway commission and liberal appropriations for thorough work, forget that the great majority of farmers, as well as a host of manufacturers, are bitterly opposed to any increase of State, county or town expenditures. Desirable as many things would be, important as is the question of good roads, the State of Maine is not in condition to make appropriations for this purpose, and the voice of the people is against the movement.

No wonder the proprietors of the old, reliable *Whig* and *Courier*, Bangor, smile. A bright, new dress and clean face always make one feel better, and when this is coupled with abundance of energy and up to date methods, the readers join in general expressions of good fellowship. The *Whig* has not lost one whit of its positive convictions on public questions, and as usual speaks its mind freely, leading rather than following public sentiment. The Farmer congratulates the *Whig* on the improvements made, and extends best wishes for 1899.

It is now proposed to form a sewer pipe trust, with a capital of \$50,000,000, and although it is evident that the larger manufacturers can be induced to join only by the payment of enormous sums of money and a large volume of stock, the indications are favorable to success. It is a monstrous perversion of the protection rightly due to manufacturers, that any combination should have the power to fill its coffers by levying a tax on public health, clean living and municipal sanitation—for that is exactly what the sewer pipe trust will do if it succeeds in its present designs.

The Commercial, which assumes paternal oversight over everything within ten miles of Bangor, announces that, regarding the "institution at Orono, it now appears that all the trustees of that institution are to ask for is for a small appropriation for the erection of a plain, serviceable drill hall and armory." That such a building, which is to include a gymnasium, is desired by the faculty and trustees, there is no question. That the State is under obligations to do more than has been done in the past, may also be seriously questioned. Why not use part of the \$20,000 voted annually for ten years, by the last legislature, for this purpose?

The New York Chamber of Commerce has raised the fund of \$100,000 to be known as the Waring memorial fund. This fund is to be devoted to a most practical purpose. During his life Col. Waring received a large income, but he left comparatively little for his family at his death. It is proposed to invest this fund and divide the income between the widow and daughter of the deceased during their life. On their death the money will be used to endow a chair in Columbia University to be known as the Waring Municipal Chair. In this way the family will be assured an ample income, and the memory of Col. Waring will be perpetuated.

The complete record of game shipped over the Bangor & Aroostook for the season of 1898 has been made up by the officials of the road and is as follows: 3,377 deer, 202 moose and 68 caribou. Last season's figures were: 2,940 deer, 139 moose and 78 caribou. The record for the month of December was 682 deer, 54 moose and 27 caribou, against 671 deer, 47 moose and 34 caribou for the corresponding month of 1897. Among the individual stations from which game has been shipped, Greenville comes first with a record for the season of 996 deer, 53 moose and 9 caribou. Norcross comes next with 448 deer, 26 moose and 3 caribou to its credit, while Patten and Grand Island are close rivals for third place.

B. H. Roberts, recently elected member of Congress from Utah, is reported

to have three wives, and the members are exceedingly puzzled whether to admit him to a seat. It will surprise most people to learn that the Mormon church has been growing steadily since the interdiction of polygamy. Unquestionably it is the most successful of all the churches which have been founded in the 19th century. In the national census of religions, Mormonism ranks far in advance of the Quakers, Unitarians, Universalists, Seventh Day Adventists and the Spiritualists, in point of numbers, while it has almost a monopoly of religion in Utah and a majority in the State of Idaho. A third of the religious people of Arizona are Mormons, and in the State of Wyoming the membership of the Mormon church is second only to the Roman Catholic. It has, besides, a respectable following in Colorado. All up and down the Rocky Mountains, for 1,000 miles, stretches an unbroken line of Mormonism, and it yet remains to be reckoned with by the ecclesiastics, the sociologists and the politicians of this country.

THE SITUATION.

Some Things Settled.

The conservatism of the Maine Farmer, on all points touching the war with Spain, has never been called in question. The war was deplored as unnecessary, and the thought of extension of territory seemed contrary to our best conception of the American form of government. At the same time events shaped themselves and as they transpired the time for cavilling passed, until with the signing of the treaty at Paris, we declared "some things settled."

Our esteemed contemporary, the *Manchester Union*, takes issue with our statements, mistaking their meaning. It says: "The Farmer may be right in a double sense. It may be that it intended for as much to be read between the lines as was printed in them. It may be an acknowledgment that the servants of the people have become the rulers, in fact, that the voice and wish of the people have no weight outside of the ballot box, and that this is one of the things which, being invariable, must be endured. If the time has come when differences of opinion in a republic are not admissible, let us change the name of our government."

We believe it to be the highest duty of the American citizen to discuss and to question the acts of legislators and measures proposed for legislation. Beyond that it is the duty of the individual to let his or her individual representative in Congress or State legislature know of his convictions, opinions and desires. When the time comes and a final step is taken, it is to our mind useless to waste time discussing what might have been or would have been if another policy had been followed.

When the war ceased all room for helpful discussion as to how it could best be carried forward, ceased, and when the treaty was signed it settled some things. Bad politics may have controlled, poor advisers may have influenced, grave dangers may have been flouted, but the discussion of what was settled was no longer fruitful of thought but trouble. The moment the signatures were appended, we, as a nation, faced new complications, and what was before us was to be discussed, not what was behind. The surrender of Cuba and Porto Rico necessitated the establishment of some form of government by America.

What that is to be is still an open question, requiring not only the wisdom of the statesmen, but the deliberate judgment of every thinking man. The purchase of the Philippines was consummated by the commissioners, but the ratification must be made by Congress. Whether wise or not, to have agreed to purchase is not a debatable question, in any sense helpful to the individual. The one problem is, shall we ratify and complete the ownership by providing the purchase money or decline to endorse the action of the commissioners.

The whole world is watching America to-day as never before. The commission may have led into grave difficulties, but what must concern good citizens is the next step and not a former one. The desire of the Farmer has been to draw attention to the gravity of the problems facing the American people, not to those already beyond the field of debate. The wave of popular sentiment caught by the glow of emotional enthusiasm, has declared for the fullest extension of territory. The great conservative groundswell is now being felt, demanding calm, deliberate judgment and action.

What effect will it have upon other nations and their attitude towards America if we decline to ratify the action of the commissioners? What form of government will best preserve our established American institutions, and secure to the new territory ample protection? What adequate return can be expected for the enormous outlay for military and civil supervision by our government? What complications do we invite through the policy of expansion? These are the burning questions of the hour, not to be cast aside by any thoughtless man, and until final action is taken, voice and pen should be freely used to present individual opinion. The final settlement, whatever it may be, will have a bearing upon the future of America far greater than we realize to-day.

Manager Homer N. Chase, who had arranged for a tour of Maine this month with Charlotte Macdonald and an orchestra composed of members of Eastman's orchestra, of Portsmouth, and of the Maine symphony orchestra, has given up the tour, as Macdonald cannot sing on account of illness, and as he cannot make satisfactory arrangements, which would warrant giving the proposed concert tour or even a part of it.

The complete biographical sketches of the members of the legislature, compiled by Mr. Howard Owen are published, forming a booklet of unusual interest, not only to those included, but to the general public.

THE BEAUTIES OF THE AUSTRALIAN LAW—HOW IT OPERATES IN WASHINGTON COUNTY.

Mr. Pattangall Presents His Side of the Case. Mr. Editor: I am in receipt of a copy of your paper calling my attention to an article in the *Farmer* relating to the Australian ballot, and citing the contesting by myself, of the seat of A. S. Farnsworth, in the legislature. I do not believe that you intend to mis-state, but instead of Mr. Farnsworth's plurality in the district being 33, as you state, it was, on the face of the returns seven (7) or nine (9), while in Pembroke there were 19 defective votes—several of them blank—but enough of them thrown out (as they should have been) to have elected me if counted. In Charlotte, one of its brightest men, by not marking his ballot right lost his vote which would have been for me if no mistake had been made.

In fact if all defective ballots had been counted, Mr. Farnsworth would probably have been defeated, but, Mr. Editor, the Australian ballot law, is the law of the State. You correctly state that the Supreme Court of the State has unanimously decided that "stickers" placed over the name of a candidate is cause for the vote so amended to be thrown out. If that is the case, and no one doubts it, could such votes be legally counted for any candidate, and if not, can such person hold a seat to which he is not legally elected? In civilized countries people are governed by laws; if the laws are unjust, repeat them, but to charge that a law, as interpreted by the Supreme Court, produces criminal results, smacks of demagogism, hardly looked for in an unpartisan paper. Many of our laws have their opponents—for instance, the prohibitory law, the game laws, etc. "No rogue e'er felt the halter draw, with good opinion of the law."

The Australian ballot law, which you consider the sum of all villainies, when passed by the legislature had the support of nearly all the press of the State, and the support of all the politicians of both parties who "howl with the mob." I am not, nor ever was, a friend of the law, but as a municipal officer, have been governed by its requirements, as any honest man should. You say that the contest should be withdrawn. Allow me to be the judge of my own actions. It is not a personal matter between Mr. Farnsworth and myself, but a question of legal right, and I have no sympathy for the tender feelings of any legislator who, while sworn to obey the laws of the State, wants to be "let alone" so that he may not be brought into conflict with the Supreme Court decision. Personally, a seat in the legislature is not of importance to me. I have offered to Mr. Farnsworth to submit the case to any one of the justices of the Supreme Court. Such contests often occur, as in the Orono case lately decided by the governor and council, over which I hear no howl of agony, nor accusation of injustice.

In conclusion, I congratulate you that yours is a non-partisan paper, for if you should "go into" politics, I fear you might "differ with the court," unless its decisions were in accordance with your opinions. Truly yours, Pembroke. E. L. PATTANGALL.

The Farmer is very glad to publish the above letter from Mr. Pattangall. It is the law, and not individuals, which the Farmer has criticized, and the one contest attracting most attention being that of Pattangall vs. Farnsworth, reference was made to the circumstances in that district. If the Farmer erred in stating the majority for Mr. Farnsworth, it was because of the statements made by individuals living in that district. This does not change the fact. Mr. Pattangall admits the election of Mr. Farnsworth upon the face of the returns.

The position of the Farmer, so oft repeated, may well be restated. It is that any ballot law which does, or can be made to, thwart the intent of a voter, is a menace to good government and a constant source of corruption. If the intent of the voters in the Pembroke district be recognized, Mr. Farnsworth was certainly elected. That he is a democrat makes no difference. Parties may come and go, but the only safeguard for our form of government lies in the sacredness of the ballot being always preserved, and the intent of the individual voter jealously guarded. The moment either is disturbed our whole system is in danger. Any form of ballot requiring checks or marks to indicate choice of voters must be arbitrary in its requirements, and place in the control of the ballot clerk or clerks powers which should never be delegated any individual.

Selfish individual or party interests will always magnify technical errors, and to this extent prevent the ballot being the free expression of the individual voter. The Farmer has made its fight to protect what is fundamental to good government, the intent of the individual voter, something always in danger under the mandatory requirements of the present law.

Mr. Pattangall ignores the intent of the voters in his district, and bases his claim upon the illegal or improper use of stickers. Right here is the pivotal point touching the whole question. If Mr. Pattangall's position holds, then intent has been superseded by a mechanical cross where the voter becomes a machine.

If the Supreme Court decision in the Belfast case extends over the acts of the legislature, and a party receiving a recognized majority of the votes loses his seat because a sticker is placed over, rather than under, a name, then a crime is done against an innocent party. If this "smacks of demagogism," it is surely in the interest of safe government.

Mr. Pattangall's fling at the Farmer do not call for reply unless he assumes that the right of individual opinion and expression has been removed. In that case, another element of danger enters at once, and a new demand is forced upon our law makers.

and dollars yearly; drives from the polls more than it disfranchises, because of its elaborate machinery; places in the hands of ballot clerks, powers never intended to be taken from an individual voter and prevents the intent of the voter being recognized in counting the ballots, is a constant menace to good government and destroys the inalienable rights of the individual citizen and voter. It is a pleasure to note that Mr. Pattangall and Farmer are agreed on one point, that of opposition to the so-called Australian ballot law. For the reasons given above, the Farmer advocates a repeal of the law and the re-establishment of justice.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE MAINE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE.

The annual meeting of the Maine Board of Agriculture will be held at the rooms of the board, State House, Augusta, Jan. 18 and 19, 1899.

Half fare over the Maine Central Railroad to all who attend the meeting. Tickets sold on the 17th and 18th, one fare for the round trip, good to return on the 21st. Headquarters of the board at the Cony House.

Programme.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 18.

Forenoon—11:00 o'clock, organization of the board and election of officers. Afternoon—2:00 o'clock, reports of secretary and executive committee; business.

THURSDAY, JAN. 19.

Forenoon—9:00 o'clock, five-minute talks by members, each to suggest lines of instruction for 1899: "Past and Present Methods of Agriculture," by Hon. G. J. Gilman, Brunswick; discussion. Afternoon—2:00 o'clock, ten-minute talks by members: "The Market Outlook for Maine Crops," John J. Frye, Portland; "Cooperative Farming," Nathan Hinkley, Blackall; "The Dairy Outlook," E. E. Light, Union; "Tillage as a Producer of Crops," John F. Talbot, Andover; "Our Live Stock Interests and their Value to the State," John F. Talbot, Andover; "Developing Home Markets," W. H. Snow, Milo; "Sheep Husbandry and its Importance to the Farmers of Maine," S. H. Goodwin, St. Albans; "Economic Stock Feeding," T. O. Straw, Newfield; "The Farmer and Education," Dr. A. W. Harris, Orono.

REFORM BALLOT LAW.

The staunchest friend of the present so-called Australian ballot law is loudest in crying for amendments. The trouble being that he desires the machinery increased. The Massachusetts law seems to suit this class. There, every name is checked, but the trouble is the candidates for Congress are at the bottom and of course look for their interests, the result being that the voters check from the bottom up, and Gov. Walcott, one of the most popular officials the State ever had, fell behind almost five thousand in Boston alone.

An analysis of the official count of the recent State election in California where they begin at the top to check, shows some of the peculiarities of the Australian ballot system. Many of the candidates whose names came far down on the ticket received from ten thousand to twenty thousand votes less than the head of the ticket, though no special attack was made on them by the opposing parties. This simply shows that thousands of men voted for the head of the ticket and for a few candidates whom they knew or especially favored, and allowed the remainder of the ticket to go unmarked. Maine has no use for such a law.

"TRICKS IN ALL TRADES BUT OURS."

Passing through Market Square, in this city, the other day, we noticed a little boy, shivering with cold, standing by a little sled full of wood, which he was offering for sale. More in pity for the boy than need of the wood, we made the purchase. But on unloading, two false bottoms of the sled were revealed, so thrown in as to occupy at least one-quarter of the space that should have been devoted to wood. The cheat was so transparent that we pitied the humiliation of the boy, who said, "the boss had put them in." Think of the supreme gall of the man who would daily send his boy into the public square to perpetrate and perpetuate such a fraud! And so it goes. Big apples at the top of the barrel, small potatoes at the top of the basket, and false bottoms in wood sleds!

The executive committee of the New England Agricultural Society were in Portland Friday in conference with President Burnham and other officials of the Maine Mile Track association regarding matters pertaining to the fair of 1898. It is said the net losses of the fair are in the neighborhood of \$9000. The premiums, amounting to some \$7500 have not been paid. The fair association have an interest in some \$5000 worth of improvements erected for fair purposes, and may offer to relinquish this interest if the track association will pay outstanding obligations.

Railroad Commissioner B. F. Chadbourne, has been offered the position of superintendent of one of the departments of construction of a railroad in China. The road is to be built by a New York syndicate from Hong Kong to Hankow, a distance of more than 650 miles.

George Robert Crellin, who was alleged to have murdered Ivory F. Boothby of North Saxo and was brought to Saxo from a Vermont lumber camp, was not indicted by the grand jury, and has been discharged.

Miss Cornelia T. Crosby, "Fly Rod," who suffered a surgical operation on her knee at the Eye and Ear Infirmary, Portland, is now in a fair way to recover.

Poor crop of ice on the Hudson. Good news for our people on the Kennebec. Thus, whether we desire it or not, do we fatten upon the misfortunes of others.

An intense cold wave swept over New England on Tuesday, sending the thermometer almost out of sight in some places.

WILL THEY DO IT?

"Economy," "Retrenchment." These are fine words, they sound well, they are beautiful in theory, but it is mighty hard to put them in practice. When facing them as a fact, and not a theory, the average legislator quakes and trembles and usually succumbs. How many of the legislators, who on Thursday last, applauded and enthusiastically commended those passages in Gov. Power's message, recommending economy in public expenditures, will cast their votes against any reckless expenditure of the public money? Will they have the courage to do this, or will they follow in the well worn footsteps of their predecessors, and shout for reform, but vote for extravagance? Legislators of the sixty-ninth legislature of Maine have an opportunity to make a record that shall be read and remembered by their constituents.

In this connection we desire to copy a portion of an article in the *Portland Evening Express* on this same subject: "There are some considerations to which the attention of legislators ought to be called, and to which they should give heed early in the session. There is no doubt that the tax payers of the State look with a good deal of trepidation upon the opening of a session of the legislature because in the past a tendency to over generosity with the State's money has been the chief characteristic of the legislative work. The republican party has been in power for many years in this State. For a long time the legislature has been almost solidly republican, and the people have looked with hopefulness on their representatives expecting to see them show a due regard for the already overburdened taxpayer. It has been a constantly increasing source of regret to the voters of the State that their expectations have been vain. Whereas, republican legislatures ought to care for the people's money, as a matter of fact they have often been prodigal of it. The result will be felt some time if there is no actual mending in that particular. The republican legislators of Maine cannot hope to retain the confidence of the people in the party they represent if they do not do something to earn that confidence. As republicans we must show to our constituents that we have some care other than to loot the treasury for the benefit of some one's schemes, or the honest farmers and mechanics, the small property holders in whose hands rest the balance of political power in the State, will some day call us to strict account. And they will be justified in it. It stands legislators in hand to remember these things, and while the affairs of the State must not be run on any cheese paring policy there must, on the other hand, be economy, and no prodigality with public funds."

LET CARE BE TAKEN.

Our readers who have noticed with sadness the frequency of the funeral processions that have with solemn tread passed through the streets of our cities and villages, must have been forcibly struck with the number of deaths among the aged, caused by pneumonia superinduced by the fearful frosts of the grip. Let great care be taken of the dear, aged ones, whose sweet lives furnish the best set glow in our homes. The strength and resisting power of youth have departed, and it is only with the exercise of the utmost care that the flame of life can be kept burning upon the altar.

Physicians are quite unanimous in the opinion that never before, save when the malarial grip appeared years ago, have there been so many on the sick list who are afflicted with catarrhal troubles, and who, in a conventional sense, are under the weather and out of sorts. It is not unlikely as the season progresses, that we shall have a graver outlook than at present, especially so far as pneumonia is concerned. Judging from the history of previous epidemics, we are likely to have the influenza with us for some months to come, which period will probably cover February and March, during which all pulmonary troubles, especially those of inflammatory origin, have their largest mortality rate.

It is somewhat discouraging to learn from those high in authority in medical lore that the real cause of the disease has not yet been demonstrated, and that its mode of propagation is still a mystery. Although it is generally believed to be contagious in the sense of spreading from one person to another, its extended dissemination is plainly due to certain climatic conditions which affect large districts of country and act almost simultaneously in far-away regions. Thus we hear of its prevailing in Russia, Great Britain, Germany and France, and in precisely the same form as with us.

This year the grip appeared earlier than usual and reached its epidemic culmination sooner than in previous invasions. Heretofore the greatest mortality has been confined to the young, the feeble and those advanced in life. This fact gives especial emphasis to precautionary measures as applied to extremes of age. As the complication of pneumonia is especially threatened in the case of the present epidemic, too much care cannot be taken to guard against undue exposure to cold and dampness. In truth it is never safe under existing conditions even for robust constitutions to trust to any risks which may aggravate symptoms, however trivial the latter may appear to be, or to laws that may lead to lower vital resistance against the ready and waiting enemy.

Aside from the suffering and inconvenience attending this now common sickness, there are more than ordinarily weighty reasons why preventive measures against possible attack and proper medical treatment during the illness should be duly considered. There is hardly any disease that leaves behind it more lasting damage to important organs than the one in question. How often do we hear that an attack of grip marked the first step in a progressive decline of health. The complex character of its many and varied manifestations shows also the necessity for that careful treatment which only the experienced and watchful physician can give. To trust to any other means of relief may prove loss of valuable time, neglect of fitting opportunity and possibly ultimate sacrifice of life.

City News.

—The last snow storm gave us the best sleighing of the winter.

—Our city physicians are just up the jump, but they can't keep pace with the grip.

—The national banks have all declared liberal dividends and elected their old boards of officers.

—A little pamphlet, containing extracts from the sermons of Rev. Mr. Newbert, has been distributed among the members of the legislature.

—The clergymen of the city are about all preaching a series of sermons on special subjects. The question remains unsolved why people do not attend divine services.

—The Church and Parish, published by the Congregationalists, is a bright little church paper. With its other accomplishments Pastor Williams is blossoming out into a first class editor.

—At the annual meeting of the Unitarian society, a small deficit in the financial affairs was speedily made up, and the society starts on the journey of the new year without being handicapped with debt.

—Our churches are all open, with a glad welcome to all the members, officers and others connected with the legislature, also to the members of the "third branch," who perhaps need praying for as much as any one else.

—Mrs. C. A. Vose has sent \$100 to the chairman of the executive committee of the Howard Benevolent Union. This is her eighth annual contribution to the Union during her absence from the city. The Union also acknowledges the receipt of \$25 from Hon. John P. Hill, and \$25 from Mrs. John F. Hill.

—At the last meeting of the Ired Men the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Sachem, Henry T. Morse; senior sagamore, George Morrissey; junior sagamore, Fred Foushee; keeper of wampum, Frank B. Haskell; prophet, Hugh Rogers; collector of wampum, James M. Wright; representative to the next council meeting to be held in Belfast, F. P. Haskell.

—Our people will regret to learn that Mr. S. I. Graves, who has for several years served as Principal of the schools in the village district, has resigned that place to accept a similar position—a place of greater importance and more salary—in the city of Springfield, Mass. His work in Augusta has been marked by ability and efficiency. The directors will at once elect a teacher to take his place.

—One physician in the city hasn't lost a single pneumonia patient this season, and he has many. He freely uses poultices, not relying wholly upon the internal use of medicines. This may not be in accordance with the up-to-date medical books, but if it saves the life of the patient, why isn't it all right? But then some persons are so particular, they would rather die under the "regular" and "scientific" treatment, than to get well by "irregular" methods.

—A sharp fire shortly after dinner, on Tuesday, consumed the roof of the large wooden stable on Winthrop street, occupied by Cummings & Prescott, and owned by Fred Spencer. There was a teem in a portion of the upper story, occupied by Mrs. Alice C. Gammon and family, which was badly gutted. The lower part of the stable was saved, through the active work of the firemen in the severe cold. Mrs. Gammon was insured for \$300; Spencer for \$200; Cummings & Prescott for \$1500.

—Where the Purinton block now stands, forty years ago was a ship yard, where large schooners were built and launched, and the sound of the carpenter's hammers was like music at the launchings, when the flag-bedecked carriages glided into the boom of the Kennebec. Now, instead of the hammer, there is the sound of the gavel in the Odd Fellows' hall on the same site, and what of the schooners? We presume they may be found in the beer saloons!

—Next summer we may look for one of the greatest improvements yet made on Water street, the reconstruction of the old Kennebec Journal building. The new structure will extend farther towards the river, the front lining up with Masonic Temple, Purinton block, and the rest of the buildings on that side of the street, giving a straight line from Bridge street to Rines' hill. After its completion, the Journal building will be one of the best printing establishments in the State.

—While thanking his associates in the Farmer office for the gift of a beautiful gold watch, Mr. George W. Merrill, who has entered the highly honorable profession of an insurance agent, said: "That an insurance agent needs watching goes without saying. That he never needs winding up everybody knows. That he never runs down or goes slow; that his face tells the story and his hands point the way; while some believe he has wheels in his head, and he sometimes gets regulated by the home office."

—Our old friend "Dan" Allen, the Journal pressman, is the only connecting link in that establishment between the past and the present. A youth from the common schools of Monmouth, he entered the office thirty-eight years ago. How well we recall the morning

City News.

—The last snow storm gave us the best sleighing of the winter.

—Our city physicians are just upon the jump, but they can't keep pace with the grip.

—The national banks have all declared liberal dividends and elected their old boards of officers.

—A little pamphlet, containing extracts from the sermons of Rev. Mr. Newbert, has been distributed among the members of the legislature.

—The clergymen of the city are about all preaching a series of sermons on special subjects. The question remains unsolved why people do not attend divine services.

—The Church and Parish, published by the Congregationalists, is a bright little church paper. With his other accomplishments Pastor Williamson is blooming out into a first class editor.

—At the annual meeting of the Unitarian society, a small deficit in the financial affairs was speedily made up, and the society starts on the journey of the new year without being handicapped with debt.

—Our churches are all open, with a glad welcome to all the members, officers and others connected with the legislature, also to the members of the "third branch," who perhaps need praying for as much as any one else.

—Mrs. C. A. Vose has sent \$100 to the chairman of the executive committee of the Howard Benevolent Union. This is her eighth annual contribution to the Union. The Union also acknowledges the receipt of \$25 from John F. Hill, and \$25 from Mrs. John F. Hill.

—At the last meeting of the Red Men the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Sachem, Henry T. Morse; senior sagamore, George Morrissey; junior sagamore, Fred Foushach; keeper of wampum, Frank B. Haskell; prophet, Hugh Rogers; collector of wampum, James M. Wright; representative to the next council meeting to be held in Belfast, F. P. Haskell.

—Our people will regret to learn that Mr. S. L. Graves, who has for several years served as Principal of the schools in the village district, has resigned that place to accept a similar position—a place of greater importance and more salary—in the city of Springfield, Mass. His work in Augusta has been marked by ability and efficiency. The directors will at once elect a teacher to take his place.

—One physician in the city hasn't lost a single pneumonia patient this season, and he has many. He freely uses poultices, not relying wholly upon the internal use of medicines. This may not be in accordance with the up-to-date medical books, but if it saves the life of the patient, why isn't it all right? But then some persons are so particular, they would rather die under the "regular" and "scientific" treatment, than to get well by "irregular" methods.

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I Was Completely Helpless With Rheumatism

Could not move, the least bit of a jar would make me shout with pain. I was afraid I should be a cripple for life, as prescriptions did me no good. Finally I sent for a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla which helped me much and two bottles more put me on my feet so that I could walk without crutches. I was soon well enough to work on my farm. W. H. RHODES, Windham, Vt.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all dealers. Price \$1.

Broken-down Health

HEALTH may be restored if you start right. It takes fuel to run an engine, and you must burn it right to get the power. To regain health, you must have good food and digest it.

Atwood's Bitters begin right here. They restore digestion, regulate the bowels, purify the blood.

35c. a bottle. Avoid imitations.

U. S. GOLD COUGH

CHAS. K. PARTRIDGE, The reliable druggist, opp. P. O., Augusta, Me.

GO TO GARDINER HORSE RACE

TUESDAY, JAN. 24th, 1.30 P. M.

PURSE \$50.00. NO ENTRY FEE.

Good track on the Ice.

Mr. George W. Bishop and party, from New York, invite the horsemen to enter this race WITHOUT CHARGE, and compete for this purse. Good horses purchased for New York market.

REMEMBER THE DATE.

COME EARLY.

For Sale—Fine young bull, dropped Jan. 27, 1898. Solid color, sire, Harry Lord of Hood Farm, by a son of Fanny's Harry and Tonella, out of Mary. Dam, Nannie of Hood Farm. Age, 2 years, 2 months; 2d dam, Nannie Lee Morgan, by Tormentor. Price, \$100. Address, Hood Farm, Lowell, Mass.

Notice to Farmers.

Why use costly fertilizers? Why not buy fish scraps put up in new barrels, now ready for shipment? Address, MADDOCKS PACKING CO., Boothbay Harbor, Me.

1045

SPE- For La Grippe

or Influenza—cure and preventive, is prepared by

CHAS. K. PARTRIDGE,

Apothecary, opp. P. O., Augusta, Me.

will break up any cold or incipient fever. Prescriptions in plain English on bottle. Price, 25c. per bottle.

Classified Ads.

N. B. Hereafter, Sale, Want and Exchange advertisements inserted under this general head at a word, and will be given a choice position. No display advertisement, other than an initial letter and the usual stock list, will be inserted in this department. Payment is in advance.

FOR SALE—Six Collie puppies, whelped October 1st, by Brookside Blucher, and Miss Doctor, by Doctor David, by Champion Squire. For particulars write JAMES H. BAKER, Westbrook, Me.

WANTED—One horse, good, with speed regulator; also Jersey bull calf. For price and particulars, write to J. W. LOWELL, Gardiner, Me., or to J. W. LOWELL, Gardiner, Me., or to J. W. LOWELL, Gardiner, Me.

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County News.

—Henry W. Lyon, a prominent resident of Loudon Hill, Hallowell, for many years, is dead.

—The winter term of Colby, which closes Thursday, will be eleven weeks; it is one week longer than last year, and the spring term will be shortened one week.

—Colby University has just received from the trustee of the estate of the late Mrs. Martha H. Moore, formerly of Waterville, \$800 additional for the Moore library fund, which now amounts to \$5,300.

—Orison Dill, one of Gardiner's aged and respected citizens, met with an unfortunate accident, Saturday afternoon, at his home at the New Mills, by falling in the shed, whereby he sustained a severe fracture of the hip.

—The politicians have begun to make up slates for the county ticket two years hence, and for the Senator to succeed Mr. Heald of Waterville, they suggest Hon. C. Philbrick of Waterville, F. L. Brown of Leedsfield, and A. P. Cram of Mt. Vernon.

—John F. Clapp of Benton, was on Friday, committed by the Superior Court to the insane department of the State Prison until further order of the court. He was indicted in September, 1897, for an assault upon his wife with a razor. He has since been at the State Insane Hospital.

—Miss Ellen Roberts, for some time mon of the Industrial school No. 2, Hallowell, has resigned her position on account of ill health, after serving for over 13 years there. She was allowed to resign only with much regret, and after much persuasion, hoping that she might restore her to health. Mrs. Lydia A. Gilmore of Woolwich has been chosen to fill her place, and arrived at the school last week to assume her duties.

State News.

The Penobscot ice men see a handsome profit in the business this year.

Macbias stable keepers say that the new railroad is disastrous to their business.

Rev. James M. Bailey, D. D., a distinguished Free Baptist clergyman, died in Saco, Friday, aged 81.

The next convention of the American Institute of Instruction will be held at Bar Harbor, the first week in July.

L. H. Folley, who was overseas in the weave room of the Sargerville Woolen Company, committed suicide by hanging on Friday.

Mr. S. D. Thompson of Bangor, a student at the University of Maine, had a narrow escape from drowning while skating on the river at Orono on Saturday.

Bangor lost its oldest resident by the death, on Saturday, of John Trickey, aged 93 years and 11 months. He was an active business man in Bangor years ago, having been engaged in the lumbering business.

In the Supreme Judicial Court at Belfast, in the \$10,000 suit for the loss of the right hand by Chas. E. Philbrick vs. the Manufacturing Investment Co. of Madison, the jury disagreed after being out nine hours.

The insurance companies are now ready to settle their losses on the steamship Portland. The headless body of a man, supposed to be a victim of the Portland, was picked up on the beach at Chatham, Mass., Saturday night.

Joseph L. Buck died Friday at Bucksport, of pneumonia, aged 80 years. He was a shipbuilder, building more vessels than any other builder on the Penobscot. He was the lineal descendant of Col. Nathan Buck, the founder of Bucksport.

Rev. C. A. Knickerbocker of Dorchester, Mass., has notified the parish committee of the Elm Street Universalist Church, Auburn, of his acceptance to the call to the pastorate of the church, and will commence his labors the first Sunday in February.

WELLS VILLAGE. C. A. Rollins has enlarged his store and nearly finished a hall in the upper story for the J. R. O. N. M. A. Association, which was organized in this town with 26 members.—D. B. Swett captured two foxes in three hours, has five in all, taken at four attempts. He stands at the head.

PALMYRA. In the past much trouble has been experienced by mice gnawing small apple trees, winters. Is there any way to prevent their ravages? Some claim if the snow is trodden round the tree it will help matters.—Quite a number in this village are ill with the grip. That seems to be the general trouble everywhere.

A falling tree top on a recent windy day, at six o'clock in the morning, penetrated the roof of the house of Oliver Howard in Wells and going through the lathing, struck a bed and pushed through the straw bed, breaking the bed cord, also breaking the limb into two parts. At eight o'clock the bed would have been occupied by two small boys.

A team driven by Mrs. Andrew Chute of Naples, wife of Deputy Sheriff Chute, and his sister, Mrs. Crockett, was struck by a wild engine at the railroad crossing near the Goodrich mill, on Saturday night. The horse was killed, the sleigh demolished, Mrs. Chute sustained a fracture of the skull and Mrs. Crockett serious internal injuries. It is regarded as doubtful if either woman recovers.

Frank Brown, aged 13, of Princeton, was brought to Machias, Sat., and lodged in Machias jail to await trial for the alleged stabbing of an Indian at Princeton. It is alleged that an ill feeling existed between the Indian and Brown, the Indian having attempted to assault the boy at different times, finally threatening his life, and while attempting to execute this threat the Indian was stabbed by Brown. It is thought the wound will prove fatal.

JEFFERSON. We had a good rain Wednesday night, making lots of bare ground here.—Danville Noyes, Sr., putting up a new hen pen.—H. W. Clary has bought the line lumber on Charles Munsey's farm, and is hauling it to his mill.—W. C. Noyes is getting out lumber for a new stable.—Mr. Armstrong is down from Boston, and is stopping at John Madden's. The grip is raging here quite badly this winter.—There was a black fox seen crossing the road one day last week. He was a big one.

Hon. Austin Harris, a prominent citizen, well known throughout the State, died of heart disease at his home at East Machias, Saturday morning. Mr. Harris was preparing for breakfast, when he taken violently ill and fell to the floor. He expired a few minutes later. He had held many responsible public positions, having served several terms in the legislature, both as a member of the House and the Senate. At the time of his death he was treasurer of Washington county and was also a director of Washington county railroad company. He was a man who at once won and strongly held the respect of all who knew him.

WINTERPORT. There was a public installation of the officers of Northern Light Grange, Jan. 5, followed by a harvest feast. There was a large crowd present, and a fine time was enjoyed by all.—Farmers are very busy at present,

putting up their ice and hauling up wood.—A large number of people from here went to Belfast, last week, to attend the last session between the town and water company.—Mr. Charles Patterson and Miss Ada M. Dyer were united in marriage, at the home of the bride's brother, Daniel Dyer, Sunday, Dec. 25. They will reside at Belfast. Miss Dyer was one of our most popular young ladies. They have the best wishes of a large circle of friends.

BRUNSWICK. Charles Crossman, formerly of this town, committed suicide by cutting his throat at Lynn, last week. He kept a grocery store in our village for many years. He was born in Durham, his parents belonging to the Friends society. His age was 75 years.—The rain last week spoiled our sleighing, but a fall of three inches of snow Friday night gives us fair sleighing again.—Mr. Stephen Walker, an aged and respected citizen, died suddenly of pneumonia Monday morning. He was a long member of the Seventh Day Advent church. His age was 74 years, 4 months.

—The college and medical term commenced last week at the State Insane Hospital. The freshmen class, and a large number are attending the medical school.

MADISON CENTER. H. E. Spear has moved into the house with Otis Blackwell; has added a single mill and plant to his sawmill, has David Creighton at the corner.—Some farmers are lumbering. Some are waiting for the swamps to freeze, so they can haul wood. H. Sawyer is making hoops.—Miss Eugenia M. Sawyer is home from Boston.—Several families are having a sick time with the grip.—C. M. Merrill is about again.

Mrs. M. Merrill is improving. W. Blanchard is having a severe time with rheumatism.—Eli Hayden has illness in his family.—Miss May E. Blanchard received a letter from her mother, Mrs. D. C. which contained some branches of mistletoe. They were beautiful and a curiosity here, being the first ever seen.

Mrs. Eliza Pinkham of Millbridge, has reached her 103d birthday. She is probably the oldest woman living in Maine, having been born in Jan. 7, 1796. She enjoys good health, and looks as if she might live for years. Mrs. Pinkham was born near Eastport, and has been twice married, and a great many incidents of that struggle, or so much of it as took place on the eastern Maine coast, came under her personal observation. When she was a young woman, she says she was accustomed to the sea, and was injured to manual labor that she could row a boat over the roughest seas, and haul lobster traps, catch codfish or fish her with the best of fishermen about Deer Isle. One winter, while living on Crow Island, Mrs. Pinkham says she out, piled and hauled to the landing with her own hands a vessel load of kiln wood, which she shipped to Rockland, and sold the following spring. Mrs. Pinkham has a retentive memory, can read readily without glasses, and her hearing is good for a person of her great age.

WELLS. Joel D. Graves of Wells village, a fine farmer and soldier of the late rebellion, slaughtered a pig 7 years old and, weighing 312 pounds.—J. O. S. Skifford of Wells, has a 2-year-old better than any other in the village. A fine calf and makes eight pounds of butter per week and is a grade Holstein.—Christmas festival was held at Wells village and was well conducted. A crowd of people were present, and have manifested no slight interest in the children. Very important, for the time is short and sure when they shall have become the guardians of the Nation.—The writer visited lumbering camps of Calvin Johnson, Dec. 23d. He said he had one and one-half million yarded and had 1½ ft. of snow and employed fifty men and intended to land two and a half million. S. Ferguson has his camps completed and commenced yarding the 19th of Dec.; has 35 men. Benj. Simmons has 300,000 yarded and 19,000 landed. McLaughlin Bros. have better than 800,000 yarded, have 8 teams yarding and employ 23 men in camp and about 40 in all. At this time many from the village are busy hauling ice from the pond.—The Webb River Improvement Co. have finished the main dam at the pond and are now constructing wing dams upon banks of the river.

MADISON. A very pleasant event took place at the home of William Rowell in Madison, on Dec. 22d, it being the 80th birthday of Mrs. Rowell's mother, Mrs. Lovina Goodrich. All her sons and wives and grandchildren were present but one son who lives in Boston and could not get with them. Mrs. Goodrich retains all her faculties to an unusual degree for one so old. She enjoyed the day very much with both old and young. She takes great pleasure in reading and sewing and assisting in the house work. The Bible is her favorite book.

When paying out money for tea why not have the best?

Poor tea is "poor stuff" to get into one's system.

You can just as well have a tea that is carefully selected, absolutely free from adulterations, and in every way perfect, if you get one of

Chase & Sanborn's Package Teas.

They only come in pound and half-pound leads, and are guaranteed pure.

One pound makes over 200 cups.

HAD RHEUMATISM TERRIBLY.

My Sufferings Were Great and I Was Perfectly Helpless.

I Have Almost Died With Pain, Now I Am Completely Cured.

Dr. Greene's Nervura Is the Wonderful Remedy that Cured Me.

Mrs. E. W. Hinds, 8 Beacon St., Fitchburg, Mass., says: "I have been terribly afflicted with rheumatism and I wish all to know how I have been cured. One year ago last December I got so bad I had to call in a doctor. He came a few times and said he could do nothing for me. I must wait until winter weather. I grew worse until I was perfectly helpless. My sufferings were great. Warm weather came and I got a little benefit from it."

There were outside galleries, beginning somewhere and ending anywhere. There were open and covered over stairways, so laden with vines one could scarcely totter to the low heights of the chamber doors opening from them and there were open sheds where huge farm wagons were rolled close to the most modern Parisian dog-carts, that not a note of contrast might be lacking. Across the courtyard, from one of the windows, beneath a stairway, there flashed a gleam of rich, stained glass, spots of color that were repeated, with quite a different lustre, in the dappled haunches of rows of sturdy Percherons munching their meal in the adjacent stalls.

Add to such an ensemble a vagrant multitude of rose, honeysuckle, clematis and wistaria vines, all blooming in full rivalry of perfume and color; insert in some of the corners and beneath some of the older casements, archaic bits of sculpture, strange, barbaric features with beads of Assyrian correctness and forms clad in the rigid draperies of the early sculptor's art and crowd the rough, cobble paved courtyard with a rare and distinguished assemblage of flamingoes, peacocks, herons, cockatoos, swinging from gabled windows and game cocks that strut about in company with pink doves and you have the famous Inn of Guillaume Le Conquerant.

The writer of this, on entering the courtyard, was met by Monsieur Paul, owner and innkeeper, to whom this miracle of an inn owed its present perfection. The first room shown was the kitchen. One entire side of the little room was taken up by a huge, open fireplace, logs, trunks of full grown trees resting on the great andirons. The chef was hard at work cooking dinner.

Rouen plates and platters hung from the beams of an age that would make any blue plate collectors very tired. From the walls were hung Norman bronzes, also a shrine and a clock Norman make and design. From the kitchen, we passed to other rooms from the open court, dining rooms, sitting rooms and various others which if asked what they were for, you would be obliged to say, "I give it up." Many of them had stained glass windows, pictures, tapestries, draperies, a safe and cabinets filled with curios of the 14th and 15th centuries.

You reach the chambers from the open court by winding stairways; on each door a different sign, *Chambre du Cœur*—*Chambre de l'Officier*.

There were beautiful bedsteads, wide arm-chairs, clothes presses with carving and brass work of the 17

THE UNDOING OF A DOUBLE

BY AUGUST FINSTERRE, M.D.
AUTHOR OF "WHO'S WHO" ETC.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XXII.

Ernest Brown, my colored companion, parted company with me after we had fairly entered upon the grounds of Colonel Mansley's residence, and I stepped upon the porch alone. I had scarcely rounded the heavy polished knocker when the door was opened by a tidy looking colored girl, whose manner showed that I was expected.

"I'll show you to my room," she said, preceding me up the broad winding stairs to a large room on the left whose door was open. When I had passed through and closed it behind me and looked around, I was as much surprised as delighted. It was not because it was furnished in that tasteful, comfortable manner for which the old southern homes are noted, but that I saw my own traveling bag resting on the floor at one side, with my umbrella near. The thoughtful hostess had provided me with that which I should not have dispensed with just then for ten times its value.

In my new and novel situation I forgot for the time the vigilance at no great distance where we were at for my life.

The following hour was devoted to making myself as presentable as possible. I need hardly remark that I neglected nothing. Ernest knocked at the door and took possession of my shoes, which he soon brought back with a polish like that of a mirror, and I should be ashamed to tell how long I primped in front of the mirror before venturing from my room and descending the steps. The same girl who had admitted me smilingly showed me to the parlor with the words:

"Miss Esther will be with you in a few minutes."

I was in one of those broad, roomy apartments which will contain 100 people with comfort. The ceiling was low, and there was an alcove at one side partitioned with heavy curtains. The carpet, pictures, furniture, piano at one side and the bric-a-brac told of the wealth of the owner and the taste of the one who presided over the household in place of the mother that had been dead for years.

I did not hear the fairylike step until the young lady, smiling, but slightly flushed, appeared before me. She walked straight forward, with her dainty hand extended.

"I am glad to welcome you, Mr. Kenmore, to our home and regret more than I can tell you that it should be made under such distressing circumstances."

"You have done much to rob it of its unpleasant features," I replied as I rose to my feet, "and I am unable to say how much I thank you."

"It is shocking," she said, resuming her seat and without the least trace of embarrassment, though the color of her wonderfully attractive features was heightened. "Your resemblance to the guilty person is extraordinary, but does not justify any one in holding you responsible for his crimes. I wish you would tell me about it."

Thus invited, I went over the history from the time of my arrival in Mississippi until the present hour, she listening with a close attention that was embarrassing at times, though flattering in a high degree. When I gave the particulars of my purchase of her own horse from the stranger, she compressed her thin lips and a peculiar light shone in her lustrous eyes, but she did not utter a word.

We were both struck by our mutual resemblance. I added, "though neither made any reference to it. It was striking, even after he had removed his mustache."

I judged that he advanced to take her hand, but if so she rejected it, and the two sat down near the window on the opposite side of the room beyond my sight, though not a syllable escaped me. As yet she had not spoken, but he gave her no rest.

"How do you like my looks without my mustache?"

"As well as with it," she coolly replied. "But why did you remove it?"

"Oh, just a fancy! I like a change now and then."

"You are sure there was no special reason?"

"Of course. What are you hinting at?"

"Do you know a gentleman named Mr. Edward Kenmore of New York City?"

The cool headed villain could not hide his confusion, though he made a strong effort at a rally.

"I judge you refer to that poor devil who stole your chestnut and was caught before he could get out of the country. He claimed that that was his name."

"While the others insisted, you among them, that he was Hank Beyer—that is, yourself."

"I do not know who did so, though I was present with the party who made a social call upon him, but suppose we let that business drop," added the young man, foreseeing the complications that were inevitable if the conversation went on as it had started.

"But I do not choose to let it drop," and there was now a ring in her voice that was new to me. "What do you think, Henry, of a man who commits a crime and then urges the punishment thereupon upon a man who he knows to be innocent?"

"I should say it was deuced shabby treatment, provided such a thing ever took place, but I have a better opinion of human nature than that."

"So had I until yesterday. I can imagine no villain more debased than that, and yet, Henry, it is precisely what you have done."

"Have a care, Esther. Such words are unpardonable. You do not realize what you are saying."

"I realize every word and mean it. You stole our horse night before last from our stable. You took him home to Mapleton, or somewhere in that neighborhood. Yesterday afternoon you rode him down to the junction of the roads and sold him to Mr. Kenmore, who mounted and rode him to Aldine. The horse was identified by several who had been out looking for him and who took the direction toward your home. The case appeared strong against him who had trusted your honor, and you helped along the impression of his guilt by every means in your power. You removed your mustache and dressed differently;

from punishment. I dared not ask the question, and she did not choose to enlighten me.

"I have been wondering," I said after a moment's silence, "whether Mr. Beyer was not conscience smitten when he saw my peril and whether he would not take some steps to save me."

"Not he!" she exclaimed, with another flash of her black eyes. "Did he not have the opportunity and yet fail to use it?"

"Because it would have involved him in danger. But he could place himself beyond reach of the mob and then send word to me of the truth."

She shook her head decisively.

"A man who commits such a wrong as he did is not the one to correct it."

"And yet, the truth would be certain to come to light ere long. His and my identity would be established."

"Still he could have escaped by placing himself at his own leisure beyond reach of the law. Do you not see also that if your mutual identity was made clear it would have removed the taint from your name—that is, on the part of the unreasoning ones who accuse you?"

"Why not?"

"The missing horse was in your possession. That is enough to condemn you with unthinking people. Mr. Beyer had only to deny the purchase as you explained it, and he would have been generally believed. It was a grave error on your part to humor the fancy that you were another person."

"I saw it when too late, I believe, but for that I should have been able to clear myself. It was the testimony of the landlord and the squire that clinched matters against me. My explanation was too absurd to satisfy them."

"Yet you were not blameable. It is they who rushed headlong to violence. Why should they forget that Mississippi is a state where law and right prevail?"

Our conversation ran on delightfully for more than an hour, when it was broken by a gentle tap on the door, and in response to Miss Mansley's call, it was opened, and the colored girl stood before us. She looked at me queerly, as if she did not quite understand them, and said:

"Mr. Beyer is at the door and would like to see you if it's agreeable."

"Ask him to wait a few minutes," was the instant response of the young woman.

CHAPTER XXIII.

While I sat absorbed in delightful conversation with the daughter of Colonel Fitzroy Mansley the servant announced that Hank Beyer, my double and one of the most unscrupulous miscreants that ever breathed, was awaiting outside for permission to pay his respects to the young woman.

I rose with the intention of withdrawing, but she raised her hand in protest.

"I wish you to remain," she said, "until this interview is over."

"But—but," I replied in some embarrassment, "it will not be pleasant for any one of us."

"I do not mean for you to take part in it. Come with me."

She led me to the alcove and parted the curtains.

"Sit there until he leaves."

"I have no wish to overhear your conversation."

"But I have reasons for wishing you to do so."

"It shall be so, then."

"Our interview will not be an extended one," she was significant, commencing as she drew the curtains together so as to shut me from sight.

My situation was peculiar. But for her command I could never have consented to play the coward in that manner. The thought that possibly she might need my assistance helped to justify the breach of decorum on my part.

A minute later I heard a footfall on the carpet and the voice of my double: "Ah, Esther, I'm delighted to meet you! You must have been expecting my absence, but really it couldn't be helped."

I judged that he advanced to take her hand, but if so she rejected it, and the two sat down near the window on the opposite side of the room beyond my sight, though not a syllable escaped me. As yet she had not spoken, but he gave her no rest.

"How do you like my looks without my mustache?"

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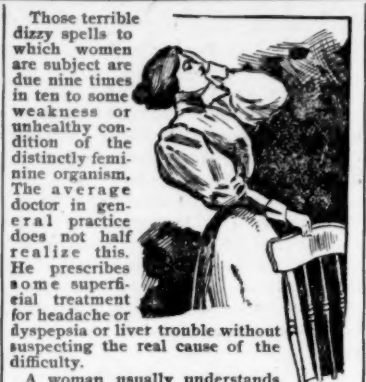
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"Because it would have involved him in danger. But he could place himself beyond reach of the mob and then send word to me of the truth."



Those terrible dispiriting scenes which women are subject to are due nine times in ten to some weakness or unhealthy condition of the distinctly feminine organism.

Alford, the doctor in general practice, does not realize this. He prescribes some superficial treatment for headache or dyspepsia or liver trouble without suspecting the real cause of the difficulty.

A woman usually understands what is the trouble, but is loath to undergo the mortifying and generally useless "examinations" and "local applications" on which the local practitioner is almost sure to insist. But there is a far more sensible alternative: Any woman afflicted with a delicate weakness of this nature should seek the aid of that marvelous "Favorite Prescription" invented by Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y.

In any case so obstinate as not to be promptly cured by this great "Prescription" special advice for inexpensive home-treatment adapted to the individual case, will be sent by Dr. Pierce to any one who will address him by mail. All letters are treated with the strictest privacy and never printed except by the writer's special request. Cases intrusted to his care are in the hands of one who has a lifetime's experience and who stands among the most eminent of living specialists in this particular field of practice.

Every woman should possess a copy of Dr. Pierce's famous thousand-page illustrated volume, the Common Sense Medical Adviser which has had a larger sale than any medical book in any language. A paper-bound copy will be sent absolutely free on receipt of 21 cent stamp to pay the cost of mailing only. Address: World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. or send 21 cent stamp for bound copy. A whole medical library in one two-page volume.

not only that, but disguised your voice and went into the inn with the angry men who sought his life. He pointed you out and appealed to you in vain. You have visited this section so infrequently of late that very few know of the changes in your personal appearance.

You were able to deceive them, and you possessed the courage would have helped run down the man after his escape from custody."

This was a scathing arraignment, and I should have given a good deal for a look at the countenance of the man at whom the words were directed. But he had nerve, and I heard his light laugh.

"It is an interesting story which you have told; but, my dear girl, you have not told me of your help to you?"

"It is my anxiety regarding your safety. I do not know when father will return, and every hour of his absence increases your personal danger."

"How?"

"You have told me of your persistent pursuit, which up to this time has been fruitless, but you left the swamp in the hands of the law. I wish you to do to. Even if you were not seen while on the road it must be known that you are here."

"Unfortunately there can be no doubt on that point, for both your servant and myself observed a man some distance up the highway who was watching us. He was a man of your grounds and knows I am here."

The information startled her, and she rose and went to each of the windows in turn, scanning all of the country in her field of vision.

"I see nothing to cause alarm," she said, coming back to her seat, "but there can be no question that it exists."

"Such being the fact, it is my duty to depart at once. I have no right to bring trouble upon the household from which I have received kindnesses that I can never repay or forget. I will leave."

"Wait a moment," she said as I rose to my feet. "We must make no mistake. If father returns and you are gone, he will be displeased with me."

"Because you were invited to our home, and a Mississippi defends the safety and honor of his guest to the death."

"A most chivalrous sentiment, but it renders my duty none the less urgent."

"Have you decided whether you will go and how you will reach that point?"

"I can walk to Southfield and there take the steamer up or down the river."

"And in trying to do so place your self in the hands of the very ones whom you have been seeking to avoid. I should put my chestnut at your disposal were it not for one thing."

"What is that?"

"The unpardonable insult."

"Heaven! Of what insult have I been guilty?"

"You bought him for \$50."

I joined in her laugh, but the flash of mirth instantly passed, and she added:

"This piece of fiction may be classified as of the daring order. It must have been that long immunity had rendered Beyer reckless, for when all the circumstances are remembered no yarn could have been more absurd. He must have known that its falsity was certain to be exposed very soon, but with the rash self confidence he had already shown he probably believed he could brazen it out, though how a child could have seriously entertained such a belief is beyond my comprehension."

"That story, Henry, would be interesting if it were true, but it is not, and both of us know it."

"You are ready to accept the word of any one in preference to mine?" he remarked in an aggrieved tone.

"Yes; I should accept of a convict in the penitentiary above your affidavit. I repeat that it was you who stole the horse from Colonel Mansley, from me, and then cunningly made it appear that an innocent man was the criminal. You consented even that he should be supposed to be you for the sake of making your villainy successful, though it beyond my understanding how you hoped to succeed. But heaven has prevented the success of your wickedness. The man is free, and you can only save yourself by flight. Accept my counsel and flee without an instant's delay."

A slight sound showed that the caller had risen from his feet. His voice had a mournful, pathetic tone as he said:

"Are you in earnest, Esther?"

"Nevermore. Until I had received the proof I never believed it possible for a human being to be as base as you have proved yourself to be. Once I held you in some regard, and even pitied you for the wrongs you had done, but you were innocent of the wrongdoing laid at your door, but now I know that great as have been the sins of which you were accused the half of them has not been told. I despise you beyond the power of language to express."

Those were cruel words, Esther," he pleaded, taking a step toward me.

"I shall call for help. I pray that I may never look upon your face again. Henceforward we are strangers to the end of life."

"But, Esther, dear Esther, will you not hear me?"

"I do not need him as a reminder of my experience in this state."

"I should suspect you would not."

"The memory of you will remain with me forever."

"Because I was associated with your fight for life," she instantly added, apparently without any suspicion of my

meaning. "I do not wonder that you repeat the idea of such a souvenir, but, all the same, I cannot permit you to pass from beneath this roof without being in possession of every possible safeguard. You have only one or two charges left in your revolver. I am sure there are cartridges in the house that will fit the weapon, and I will have Erastus search for them."

"Not a word! Out of my presence, and if you wish to save your worthless life you will not linger by the way. The whole truth will soon be known, and you will have to take the place of that man whom you so deeply wronged!"

But the caller had heard enough, and did not stand on the order of his going. Miss Mansley and I once more were alone.

CHAPTER XXIV.

It would be difficult to analyze my feelings during the remarkable interview between my double and Miss Mansley. Her words were too plain to be mistaken, and when Hank Beyer went from that southern home it was with the knowledge that everything was ended between him and the beautiful woman of whose love any man might feel proud.

Unto few indeed is given the privilege of making the acquaintance of a member of the other sex as had been mine in this case. Miss Mansley had been the means of saving me from a violent death, for it is beyond supposition that I could have effected my escape from the room in the inn without the help she gave at the critical moment. My gratitude was deep, and yet so perverse is male human nature that I was uncomfortable and restless over a point to which I had no right or business to allow to intrude into my mind.

When she left her home on the previous evening and walked to the hamlet of Aldine for the purpose of helping the man in imminent peril, did she believe he was Hank Beyer, whom she had now just dismissed from her presence? My belief was that she did, and believing that I had no right or business to allow to intrude into my mind.

I waited in the alcove until she summoned me forth, when I resumed my old place directly in front of her and at one side of the room. I was amazed to observe scarcely any signs of agitation over what was certainly an extraordinary interview. She was a brilliant brunette, with hair and eyes of intense blackness, and a complexion almost olive. There seemed to be a faint gleaming of color and a brighter luster in the eyes that intruded me.

"I am puzzled over one thing," she remarked with that quiet self-possession which was one of her most admirable characteristics.

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Every Mother should have it in the house for the many common ailments which will occur in every family as long as life has voice. Dropped on sugar suffering children love it. Johnson's Anodyne Liniment cures every form of inflammation, internal or external. The real danger from disease is caused by inflammation; cure the inflammation and you conquer the disease.

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and losses are checked

They have stood the test of years, and have cured thousands of cases of Nervous Diseases, such as Neuritis, Neurasthenia, and Varieties, Atrophy, etc.

They clear the brain, strengthen the circulation, make every better perfect, and impart a healthy tenor to the system. Urine patients ten worries them into insanity. Consumption of the brain, with iron-legal guarantee to cure or refund the money.

Address: FRED D. WYMAN, Chemist, Brewer, Me.

edies and bends of a river swept toward the morning if its main course was toward the night? How can a man be true when his very name is an untruth?

To tell his name—he knew what that meant, and his wild, homeless life was swept around the thought of a prisoner's life. Any place in the world was his home. He was to him a feline to a feline, an untruth?

And the more he tried to decide, the further he was from decision. It seemed easier to place the responsibility upon some one else, so he went to one of the ministers and told him all. The only answer was, "No one on earth can determine for you. The Lord will help you to do right."

The word was like a benediction. The struggle was over. He was to him henceforth more terrible than death, but he had courage to face it.

On Sunday morning he joined the church under his true name, and then confessed publicly his identity, his crime, and the mental struggle through which he had passed.

"I sold my team, yesterday," he added. "The money will pay my way back to the cell in the State House. I have shuddered, but it is right; 'tis the only way to start right."

That was a strange scene that morning in the court, and stranger still the next morning when we bade him "God speed" to a felon's cell.

He was well on his way when a petition for his pardon was checked; and many were the names attached; those of merchants, ministers, and miners, policemen, saloon keepers, and cowboys being curiously mingled. It was a spontaneous expression of the admiration of all classes for the moral courage of a man who could go free and yet voluntarily gave himself up to the authorities for the sake of the right.

"I had one letter from him several weeks ago," said the village preacher, "written in the very cell of the jail from which he had escaped."

"I received another letter from him a few days ago," and our reverend guest proceeded to read to us the letter which he had received.

It told him, when the day for trial came, public opinion had been so disarmed by his return that no one appeared against him, and he was again a free man; how surprised and gratified he was at the petition in Phoenix; how he and Katie had been married again a few days before, and were now living on a free claim, to obtain which had been her object in seeking a divorce. And through it all was a tone of praise and thanksgiving, and a great surprise that right could seem to lead to danger and suffering, while it led to so great peace and joy—"The Voice."

"Sonny," said Uncle Eben, "don't try to rest on yon laurels. Day's fine on yon forehead, but day makes a mighty yon mattress."

This I Will Do!

I will pay \$100 reward for any case of colic, horse ail, curbs, splints, knotted cords, or similar trouble, that Tuttle's Elixir will cure. It is the veterinary wonder of the age, and every stable should have a bottle always on hand. Locates lameness when applied. Locates lameness when applied. Locates lameness when applied.

WATTS RIVER, VT.
DR. S. A. TUTTLE.
Tuttle's Elixir cures Rheumatism, sprains, bruises, Pains, etc. Samples of the Elixir mailed free for three-cent stamp. Fifty cents buys either Elixir of any drugstore, or it will be sent direct on receipt of a postal note.

DR. S. A. TUTTLE, Sole Prop'r.
27 Beverly Street, Boston, Mass.

THATCHER MFG. CO., Potsdam, N. Y.

An Official Warning.

The Dairy Inspector of Denmark has warned the butter-makers against the use of any color made from aniline dyes. Thatcher's Orange Butter is purely vegetable, is superior and healthful.

Send postal and get OUR prices on Bone Scrap, Poultry Meat, Poultry Bone, Bone Meal of our own manufacture. Also, all kinds of fertilizers, delivered on cars here in 100 lb. bags.

SAGADAHOC FERTILIZER CO., Bowdoinham, Me.

32-page pamphlet on "Ashes as a Fertilizer," for the asking. Every farmer should have one.

GEO. STEVENS, PETERBORO, ONT., Canada.

FREE! THE FORMULA FOR MAKING "Oviforce," the best egg producing Conditioner known.

Regular Price, 50c. We do this to introduce our other poultry remedies to you. Send 2c stamp. Address: THE S. C. STUBBS CO., Bradshaw, Neb.

Steel Wheels. Staggered Oval Spokes. CHEAPEST AND BEST.

THE IMPROVED VICTOR INCUBATOR. Hatches Chickens by Heat. Absolutely self-regulating. No fire, gas, or electricity required. Cleanest first-class incubator. G. E. STEVENS CO., QUINCY, ILL.

KENNEBEC COUNTY. In Probate Court, held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of December, 1898.

LARRY S. HOLWAY, Administrator on the estate of MARY B. THOMAS, late of Augusta, said County, deceased, having presented his first and final account of administration of said estate for allowance.

Ordered, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of January next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court, then to be held at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed.

Attest: W. A. NEWCOMB, Register. 10

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Horse.



THE PASSING OF THE HORSE.

I drove my old horse, Dobbin, full slowly toward the town. One beautiful spring morning. The rising sun looked down. And saw us slowly jogging and drinking in the balmy air of love and peace came o'er the fields again.

Way back behind the wagon there came a tandem bike. A pedaling 'long to beat the wind; I never saw the like.

They started by the road was wide, old Dobbin feeling good. The quiet calmness of the morn had lived up to his mood.

And stretching out down the road he chased those cyclers two. And Dobbin in his younger days, was distanced but by few.

We sped along about a mile, it was a merry chase. But Dobbin gave it up at last, and dropping from the race,

He looked at me, as if to say, "Old man, I'm in disgrace. The horse surely passing by, the bike has got his place."

And all that day, while in the town, old Dobbin's spirits fell; His stout old pride was broken sure, the reason I could tell.

But when that night we trotted back from town, below the hill We met two weary cyclers who waved at us a bill

That had a big V on it; and said it would be mine. If I would let them ride with us and put their bike behind.

And so I whistled softly, and Dobbin winked at me. "I guess the horse will stay, old man; he's puncture proof—you see?"

—The Harness Gazette.

Are your horses ready for the buyers? Poor stock is at a discount these days. Put your horses in good condition and they will sell for far more than the extra grain bill.

With good sleighing the demand for horseflesh will rapidly advance and many sales will be made during the next thirty days.

Dexter K., 2.15%, the speedy trotter by Maine Patriot, will find his home hereafter in New York, having been sold to go there by his owner, F. Kane, of Falmouth.

"It will require some time," remarks The Horse Breeder, "to establish a family even from the best of the Morgans now in existence that will breed so uniformly good roadsters as did the old-time Morgans; but as 'time, patience and perseverance accomplish all things,' the time may come when a Morgan of larger type than the original will be produced that will possess all the most valuable qualities for which the sons, grandsons and great-grandsons of the original Justin Morgan were distinguished."

One day last month the French government buyers and the French breeders of trotters met at Caen, and the commissioners bought 24 trotting stallions, all of them but three being three years old. The breeders presented a total of 49 horses, and 25 were selected, all but one being subsequently bought. Following are the prices paid: One for \$5,000; two for \$3,100; six at \$2,500; two at \$2,400; four at \$2,000; six at \$1,800; and the rest went at prices ranging down to \$1,200, but one being sold for that price. An offer of \$2,400 was made for one, but the owner refused it. Hence a total of \$48,800 was offered for 25 stallions, and \$46,400 actually paid for 24. Verily, the French government is a good customer. It is by owning the stallions and discarding everything faulty, that the uniform quality of the French-bred horse is obtained.

Mr. McDougall, of Wellington street, Glasgow, Scotland, has invented a nail-less horseshoe, which, if all reports are true, will shiver the spines of our horseshoers. Mr. McDougall's invention has two projections, one on each side at the back of the shoe, which engage rings at the end of a band passing over the front of the hoof and fastened in the middle by a screw attachment to the center of the shoe. Great simplicity is claimed for the arrangement, and the services of a farrier will not be needed when a horse loses one of these shoes, as another can be put on in a few minutes by any practical man. This new invention was put to a severe test in a recent trial—horses on which the shoes were fitted being driven to a heavily-laden van and worked up and down steep grades and on granite-paved streets. The shoes showed no signs of shifting, and they were not taken off until worn out.

It is not only important to have quality, conformation, style and action to command good prices in the horse markets, but size is demanded also, and in

breeding this must be considered. For the farm this is almost as much needed as any other quality. The big horse, other things being equal, will do his work with more ease and with less waste of tissue than the smaller animal. But what is generally called an "over-grown" horse is not desirable. A horse that is symmetrically developed can hardly be over-grown, for his size is not so apparently his chief characteristic as is his perfect conformation, which is really more important for all the equine utilities than mere size. But men do not want small horses for roadsters, no matter how completely such horses may meet all the requirements of the roadster in all other respects. For the coach, for the saddle, for the farm and for all the traffic of cities, as well as for all departments of military service nothing materially below 15.2 hands will answer the requirements of the markets as they are now, and for most of these purposes the horse should be at least one-half hand higher.

WINTER HORSE RACE. Mr. Geo. W. Bishop, with a party of New York gentlemen, will be at Gardiner, January 24th, hoping to purchase some of the good horses of central Maine. This is the first opportunity opened for the year and we look to see the horsemen out in full force. The purse of \$50 divided as follows, \$20, \$15, \$10 and \$5, without entry fee, will doubtless call out a lot of fine horses and that is just what these gentlemen will be here for. A good track will be prepared and plenty of sport furnished. Now let the horsemen prepare to carry home the dollars and let their good ones go to New York. We can grow more in Maine. The foundation stock is here and no State offers better facilities than this. The trouble today is that the supply is short. Go to Gardiner the 24th and show the horses.

There is no radical cure for the heaves, which is really broken wind from structural changes in the air cells of the lungs, but indigestion is often combined with heaves. Every disease has a beginning, so when a horse is getting "heavy," he becomes much more so when hit upon directly after breakfast on a full stomach. When this is repeated day after day, indigestion develops, and especially so when the food is coarse as well as unsuitable.

Horses affected should be fed sparingly on the best kind of food—i. e., sound, clean oats, good, coarse, whole wheat bran and fine upland meadow hay, which should be free from dust, dampened and sprinkled over with table salt. Once or twice a week a mash should be made of the feed and a pint of flaxseed meal added to it. This will soften the contents of the bowels and tend to prevent indigestion before it becomes chronic as well as the heaves.

Watering is another item to be attended to in these troubles. Water should be given half an hour before feeding, never on top of breakfast, dinner or supper. When you do this you wash the food out of the stomach before the gastric juices have prepared it for the first process of digestion. This produces indigestion.

Affected horses should not be allowed loose hay only hay chaff of fine quality mixed with bran and oats and given dampened. This diet will lessen the heaves in volume and the horse will go gently along without great distress. By proper care in feeding and watering, horses can be greatly relieved of both troubles. There is but little room for medicine; good common sense, care and treatment will accomplish the end desired. Heaves is the sequel of a bad cold, therefore, the first step is to cure the cold, not by stuffing but by laxative foods and mashes.

Poultry.

Now is the time to secure the Maine Farmer for 1899 and secure the increased poultry service it is to render.

Remember that Bowker's Animal Meal is sold only in yellow bags and yellow packages. The original; richest in protein.

A bird that has to stand on one foot to keep the other warm is not liable to lay many eggs. It is better to fix up a nice, warm, sunny house for the hens and pullets. Sunshine makes hens sing; singing hens are apt to lay.

Burnt clay is good for chickens. It is hard to find a better set of teeth for fowl than the dishes which the "hired girl" breaks, pounded or cracked into small pieces. The harder the china, the sharper and better will be the pieces.

The Farmer is anxiously waiting for those poultry accounts covering 1898. Send them along and let them tell their story of production, cost of keeping and profit. They will prove interesting and valuable reading to our sixty thousand readers.

Cooking highly nitrogenous foods is poor economy; it causes a loss of nitrogen. Cooking starchy foods, such as corn and potatoes is economy. They expand and burst the starch cells and make the food more digestible without wasting its nourishment.

It seems very foolish to even suggest that a Barred Plymouth Rock to be a standard bird must have a certain number of bars on each feather, which would mean to disqualify our best bred, or bred in the future. Why is it that some men will be eternally studying up changes in the style, weight, feathering, etc., of fowl they do not breed, and try to force the same in standard revisions?

The "accounts in the papers" gradually advance the published record of the average number of eggs produced in a year per hen. It began at about 137, as I remember it, and that was considered pretty fair, for the average of a flock—and so it was. The best I ever

did, with only half a dozen hens for a year, was 148, and the struggles I had to do that, gave me considerable respect for 137. Now the breeders and feeders are trying, by selection, to breed up to 200, and they will probably succeed. It is as interesting as the endeavor to get an average herd of 400-lb. butter cows, and is watched with as much interest.—J. N. Smith.

Sometimes the big records are taken as discouraging, but they really are the stimulants to be better practitioners. What they are above the level of every-day work is just what gives zeal and energy and arouses ambition. Instead of "I don't believe anybody ever got so many," which is of little discouraging, the thing to do is to hustle to find how they did it. Heavy production with milch cows or hens is among the possibilities, and to what extent this may be carried no man can tell. A more thorough study of the great problem of feeding, of selection of foods, of breeding and of growing for the one ultimate purpose, will open the way to any man to larger yield and better returns.

For the Maine Farmer. A YOUNG AND SUCCESSFUL HEN-MAN. Mr. Editor: I am sixteen years old, have kept hens for four years, and will give you the account of what they have done for the year 1898. I have taken \$16.95 clear of feed, making an average of 85 cents apiece, besides raising 45 chickens. They have averaged 121 eggs apiece. —MILDRED P. LUCE.

Round Pond. [Stick to the business and it will grow into an occupation satisfactory and profitable.—Ed.]

Linseed meal is an excellent food for winter, but cottonseed meal is not so desirable for poultry. If linseed meal is used do not give it as a daily ration, but as a change. Three times a week is sufficient, and a gill for a dozen hens, mixed with the ground food, is ample. It can be used every day if the hens are not in good condition, but it gives the best results when not fed so frequently. It is a wholesome and harmless food, and will do more than its share in the promotion of laying.

POULTRY SHOWS AS EDUCATORS. The following by H. S. Babcock in American Fancier is practical and suggestive:

"The poultry show should be regarded as an educational institution, a place where different breeds and varieties can be studied, where the most advanced results in breeding can be seen, and where many excellent and valuable lessons can be learned. This can be accomplished in a greater degree than it has ever been accomplished if the following plan is carried out. Every breed or variety entered alive should also have dressed representatives, at least one cock, hen, cockerel and pullet. With every breed should be exhibited at least one dozen eggs laid by hens and an equal number laid by pullets. If this were done, the department of dressed poultry, as well as the departments of live poultry, would take on an additional meaning.

THE MORNING RATION. Fifteen years careful consideration of the question has convinced me of the importance of making the morning mash as dry as possible. If the hen had the duck's capacity to take its feed out of the water while rejecting that element, this matter would be much simplified. But in my experience the greater portion of those who presume to mix a hen mash correctly would do better not to attempt to rise above the care of ducks. The hen is a very light drinker when not hampered as to its drinks, and, unless restricted from water a considerable period, will never take much water into its crop at one time. The condition of moisture in the crop seems to control in the matter of thirst. However, if the otherwise appetizing ration is drowned in water, it is swallowed to the fowl's later discomfort; and if this course is persisted in the result is a group of dyspeptics with distended crops. It has been many a year now since I have seen this ailment among my flocks, and it is seldom I have come across any considerable number of fowl under my yards entirely free of it.

For many years I have followed the plan of stirring more and more of the dry feed into the scalded mess until at last it would emerge as crumbly, and to outward semblance, nearly as dry as before wetting.—F. W. Proctor.

FITTING FOR MARKET. "It is desirable for all poultry raisers to know that the market each year becomes more critical, and that the condition of fowl is the greatest factor in determining their price. It pays to feed and prepare poultry for market with the same intelligence and care that is bestowed on cattle and hogs, and they will pay for the attention not only by added pounds, but by added value per pound. The fowl that has to depend on its own picking for a living will never rate as top goods on the market, and it is in securing the top prices that the most money is made in poultry raising. Try feeding your poultry well this winter and see if you do not demonstrate these truths to your own satisfaction."

These are the words of an Iowa poultry buyer who handles thousands of dollars' worth of poultry every year, and they should be heeded. The fact that the markets are becoming more critical, points to the passing of the mongrel fowl in the near future. No mongrel fowl is as good for market as the pure breeds. There is the same difference between the two as there is between jolly and palatable Berkshire pork and that from a razor back. Mongrel fowl do not put on weight where it is most valuable; their flesh grows tougher than that of well-kept, pure-bred fowl, and they never make the weight that comes with better blood and more careful breeding. We insist on this matter of producing what consumers want, and are willing to pay for, because, after all is said, a fowl is valuable just in proportion as it will sell on the market; that is the final test of value, and the

only criterion by which to judge of its merit.—Farmers' Voice.

"MATINGS AND FARMERS. Why should the birds in the show room be one thing and become something else when taken home? Why should prizes be given for something that is useless after the show is over? The Baltimore Sun makes some pertinent points on the matter saying:

"Many of the pure bred varieties as exhibited in pairs or trios in the shows, though they may receive the highest premiums, will not yield the same finely-marked progeny. People who buy the first premium trios of any particular breeds expecting they will be able to raise the same high scoring specimens, will meet with disappointment. Why is this so? Because the standard requires specimens that a single mating cannot produce. It is, therefore, necessary to have two matings to produce a standard male and female. The males of all breeds are more brightly colored than the females. In order to get the beautiful partridge penciling of the Partridge Cockerel female, a male is used for breeding that would never produce a bird of his own sex with standard markings.

What is the use of wasting time with such methods? What has such foolish work to do with promoting the poultry industry? Why should breeders engage in such idle work as the above? What is there to gain by compelling a Partridge Cockerel to be what one does not want to be, and which requires what is termed 'matings' to produce something that is valueless after a show is ended and the breeders go home? Of what value are prize winners under such circumstances, and by what right can a breeder offer to sell eggs from prize winners that will not produce their like? Is it not a deception and an injustice to the unenlightened? Nothing has been so effectual in driving some breeds out of the markets as the 'matings.' It is the 'matings' that keep the Dark Brahmas at the rear, and the 'matings' very nearly destroyed the Plymouth Rocks at one time. Let the next revision of the standard be for the better. Let the demand for breeds be encouraged, and not hampered by that which benefits no one but serves to retard the progress of some breeds.

It is well enough to even claim that there is 'no conflict between fancy and utility' but as long as 'matings' make the show birds there is no harmony whatever between the 'fancy' fowl and the one for market. The breeders cannot exist by 'swapping birds' or buying from one another all the time. The ground work of success is the utility bird on the farm."—Ez.

FEEDING FOR EGGS. The editor of the Poultry Chum lays down good poultry gospel in the following, touching feeding for eggs. It is what the Farmer has emphasized again and again, and the lessons presented may well be followed in daily practice:

"Feeding for eggs is not feeding to produce poultry for market. Like milk, eggs are complete in the elements that supply all the requisites for growth that we obtain, for unless an egg is complete in itself, there could be no growth of the chicks during the process of incubation. The fact that a chick can, by the application of heat to an egg during a certain period of time, come forth from the egg, is alone sufficient proof that all the essential elements are present. This fact, so plain to all, is one that should not be overlooked, for it teaches that hens, in order to lay, appropriate certain elements, and that the food must contain those elements.

To produce eggs, the hen must also be in perfect health, and to be in a condition for performing her duty she must be comfortable in winter, contented, and as happy as possible. The grain supplies her body with warmth, and to have her contented she must be occupied in some manner. A hen will pine and droop from inactivity just as surely as a human in idleness. Confine a man in a limited space, with no work, or books to read, nor any facilities for 'passing away the time,' and he will lose appetite and become miserable. The rule applies also to hens. Keep them busy, give them a chance to work and scratch and kill time. The bodily wants of the hen in winter are not great. She can easily secure warmth from her food, for all foods are more or less carbonaceous (heat-producing), but it is no easy matter to procure the large proportion of nitrogen required in an egg, as well as the phosphates, which go to make up the bone elements. As we stated, any kind of food will fatten a hen that is not producing eggs, but no poultryman cares to have his laying hens very fat, hence all laying hens should be separated from the non-producers. The quantity of food required for a laying hen can only be determined by observation of each individual, as no two hens are alike, age, breed, appetite and general condition all being factors to be considered.

If the poultry house is warm, less food will be required for the production of warmth, and therefore a warm poultry house saves food. Bones, pounded, are excellent at all times, as they contain nitrogen and phosphates, and one of the best sources for producing the elements of the white of the egg is lean meat. Of the ground foods, bran is the best, because it contains more phosphates than meal. Cut clover is also a source of nitrogen, and aids digestion by diluting the grain food (so to express it), as well as serving to supply warmth. The main point in feeding is not to feed too much. We believe twice a day is often enough to feed, and feeding twice a day is a manner in which any portion left over. Let it be given in variety, and make the hen work as much as possible.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take a blood-purifying medicine. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in the country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for full particulars to CHAS. H. HALL, 111 N. 3rd St., CHICAGO, ILL., U.S.A. Sold by druggists, price 75c.

BREED TO PLEASE BUYERS. Come to Elmwood Farm before booking mares for '98.

FRENCH COACH Road Horse Establishment of the East.

PREPOTENT ROAD HORSE SIRE

Gemare, Lothaire, Telemaque and Lavater. 150 COLTS AT FARM.

Grand Bargains in Pure Bred Stallions out of Imported Mares. Finely Illustrated Catalogue, season of 1898, sent free to any one.

Half blood pairs and single horses for sale, every one having size, style, intelligence, courage and action.

COME AND SEE ME, OR WRITE FOR CATALOGUE, J. S. SANBORN, LEWISTON JUNCTION, ME.

GRAND CLUBBING LIST.

In order to place before our readers the opportunity to secure, with the MAINE FARMER some of the best publications for the farm and home, the following grand clubbing list is announced, to all who pay one year in advance. No publication can make a more generous offer, placing, as it does the issues of the MAINE FARMER before its readers at nominal expense. Read this great list and send in your subscription for the coming year.

We offer both for

Maine Farmer, \$1.50, Hoard's Dairyman, \$1.00; Total, \$2.50, \$2.00

Maine Farmer, \$1.50, Strawberry Culturist, 50c.; Total, \$2.00, 1.75

Maine Farmer,

